

437
AN
ANSWER TO

The most envious,
Scandalous, and Libellous
Pamphlet, Entituled,

MERCURIES
MESSAGE.

OR,

The Copy of a Letter sent to *William*
Land, Arch-bishop of *Canterbury* now
prisoner in the Tower.



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AN
ANSWER TO

The most curious

Scandalous



An answer to the most envious, scandalous, and libellous Pamphlet, Entitled,
MERCVRIES MESSAGE.

HOw now ! what ist which I doe vainly read,
Ought which belongs to Popish Romish Creed?
I am deceiv'd, it is a Letter call'd,
(At which I blusht) A hypocriticke scald
Which did affront true Protestatine heads.
No whit belonging unto Papall Beads.
For such vaine trifles, O the Authors scorne,
Although of Riches, yet not of truth forlorne.
The Letter thus begins with Dash above,
My Lord, as if the consequence were love.
But read forward, and you shall truely finde,
No love at all, but a most envious minde.

My Lord,

I call you not what long agoe you were,
For now those golden dayes are past I feare,
I feare, O sycophantick and base straine,
Which for to name, a good man may disdaine ;
He feares but what, Bishops will nere go downe,
Whose mature learning oncè did England crowne :
Suppose that some be bad, must therefore all?
Let bad men suffer, but the just nere fall.
Each rayling line, I doe not now intend
To answer, lest they cry me the Popes friend :
Onely to chiefeest points I doe reply,
And that Ile doe although for it I die.
Are not we all by nature bad ? why then
Descended Christ so low for to save men ?
But there's a Sect i'th world which dare to say,
Their merits save them, what have they to pay,

But such are Romanists, but w^e have a Sect,
 Which have Saint-like beleeve of which they cracke.
 And such are those which we call Schismatics,
 Which thinke to gaine heaven by soothing tricks.
 And such a one was he which lately writ
 A Libell, to divulge his zealous wit.
 Zealous said I? excuse me (Reader) pray,
 Expressing zealous I m not to stay.
 No zeale it is, maliciously to raile,
 Against a prisoner, suppose he were fraile,
 Let Law condemne him, not each envious pen,
 Which sometimes will dispraise the best of men.
 I doe not say that he was such a one,
 That God forbid, there Ile let him alone.
 Let Law pursue him, and God forbid againe,
 That my rash pen should more augment his paine.
 Hence superstition, hence base Romish weeds,
 And hence I say all hypocriticke deeds.
 Suppose that he bowd vainly to the Altar,
 For that must he be hang'd with Inkie halter
 But he did Sermons hate, and those abuse,
 Which to preach often piously did use.
 Did hee doe so? in it he was too blame;
 Let justice still obscure his once bright fame.
 But he at name of (Jesus) still did bow,
 Why not? dot not the Scripture it allow?
 That at his name each knee should lowly bend;
 Hath Scripture err'd and now at length amend?
 But 'tis the heart must bow, out outward knee.
 Did not God make them both? pray answer me?
 Why at his Name then should they not both bend,
 Which dy'd for man, his deserv'd grise to end?
 Sure Antignist to me thou'lt subscribe,
 If thou in hope wer't of a ten pound bribe,
 O such a guist would make thee for to faulter,
 Thou'lt buy new shoes, and eke scrape to the Altar.

What is thy answer Libeller to this
 I know there's nothing comes to thee amisse
 Wert thou a Bishop, thou would'st then believe
 Nay swear no harme could be in a Lawne sleeve
 Thou wantedst money when thou writst thy Letter
 And by thy scandall made thy state grow better
 Thou art some Poet to the short hair'd crew,
 Who long since bid to honesty adue
 Thou wilt not swear, but lie I know thou wilt
 Thy actions are not pure, yet purely gilt
 Did any one your Letter much applaud
 Which you did dedicate to little *Laud*;
 Surely no wise man, and yet you rail'd well
 Your tongue's not fit for Billingsgate, but hell
 It did sell well, would it know the reason why
 Each man desir'd to read thy knavery
 I wonder much thy name thou durst not show
 That all the world thy witty parts might know
 It was your modesty I doe suppose
 Or else for feare, *Brandon* should get your hose
 Had you but heard what thanks you had for it
 Of all wise men, you'd curse your railing wit
 O what an Age is it which we doe live in
 One doth offend, the other laughs at sin
 Christ ore Jerusalem did much lament
 He sorry was for sin it should be spent
 But man triumphs his brother being in thrall
 Naught more doth joy him than his brothers fall
 Arch-Bishop *Laud* is lately false, and we
 Seeme to rejoyce at his sad misery
 Me thinkes for him that we should rather weepe
 Because by Satan he was lull'd asleepe
 Than triumph at his fall, we ought to pray
 Though Law his corps, God may not his soule slay
 O bawling Libeller which lately writ,
 Meere blasphemy for to divulge thy wit

Some of thy lines I will peruse, and then
 A Libeller prove to be the worst of men.
 Blest were the man could light on such good hap,
 To beat out's eyes with's Babylonian Cap,
 With some quaint jeere to breake your Graces pate,
 Our wits employed are early and late.
 We scorne sayes one, his vices to applaud,
 We know the Devill must have little Land,
 O sayes a second, hee's a gallant prize,
 And by his fall young Gregory will rise.
 Me thinkes your Honour, yet your Honour's head,
 Hangs in the ayre by a small twisted thred.
 Which to Heavens prayse, hels joy, and Londons wonder,
 No further read: eye strings will burst asunder.
 For rage I'm filled, shivering amaze
 Commands me further not on's lines to gaze.
 (Blest were the man) if blessednesse it were,
 Authority of time to stand in feare.
 See how he soothes the world, nay seemes to pray,
 That it the life of Land would snatch away;
 What is the Parliament of late growne dull,
 Bequeathing Justice unto this base gull!
 O farre be such a sentence from my thought,
 I know with wisdom their heads still be fraught,
 But yet this Varlet (marke what I shall say)
 From them doth seeme Justice to take away.
 O what a fiction doth he shily raise,
 For which he deserves more than Poets Bayse,
 A rope to boot, (He scornes vice to applaud)
 He knowes the Devill must have Bishop Land,
 For so his meaning is, I dare to tell,
 He is no man but disguis'd Fiend of Hell:
 For mortall against mortall never had,
 Such damnd expression, to answer which I'm sad:
 O sinfull man, for if man so thou art,
 Where was thy charity, O where thy fleshy heart?

What,

What, all compos'd of malice? the he was
 Perhaps thy enemy, what then? Alas,
 Thy Saviour thousands of foes had more,
 And yet to them did he shew mercy store.
 He lov'd his foes, and for his foes did die:
 They gainst him, not he them, cry'd, crucifie,
 He lost his life, perhaps thou liberty,
 His reason was, to cure mans misery.
 I grieve to read thy foolery, weepe to see,
 How each line patcht up is with mockery:
 Thou mayst report me to be Romanist,
 Because I strive for to dissolve thy mist
 Of ignorance; Hadst thou here thy owne blame,
 Thou wouldest not shew thy selfe for very shame;
 An Hypocrite of all men is the worst,
 Of all good men abhorr'd and held accurst.
Indas will answer, Master is it I,
 When as his heart was full of treachery;
Absalom his father flatter often did,
 And yet within his breast lay Treason hid:
Saul made a shew that he did *David* love,
 And yet his life he sought for to remove.
 Thou writ'st satyricke: yet I doe believe,
 Should he acquitted be and longer live;
 Thou wouldest most willingly his Chapsaine be,
 Hence, hence deceit, hence damb'd hypocrisie.
 Ye are the Devils golden glittering baies,
 Your outsidcs faire, your inward base deceipts.
 Wise men doe shun such old ore gilded walles,
 Which doe triumph ore Fortunes Tennis balls.
 No *Canterburian* I, though *Kentish* borne,
 I shun his actions, and his censur scorne.
 Yet give me leave for to lament his case,
 Let me be sorry for his want of grace,
 Wich once so gracious was, don't him deride,
 But draw example from his lofty pride.

Let

Let Justice take his corps, but let all pray,
His soule may goe the narrow and straight way:
Now Libeller fate well, and the next time,
Assault no prisoner with thy envious rime.

An Acrosticall Caveat to beware of Hypocrisie.

Beware hereafter of this Hypocrite,
Else will my Satyre strive him sure to bite,
W as it desert that canst d him brawle? it was
And yet me think his grace desir'd a pause,
Regard at length the greatnesse of his praise,
E la the highest note did crowne his bayes.

O see the humors of these biting times,
For Hypocrites are best to paint forth crimes.

He that can best dissemble can best write,
Ye that doe so can all the Hypocrite.

P Vll downe from love of Iustice but a dram,

O there Extempory you all shall scanne,

Criticke inventions which your wis our annes,

Renowned actions, but shall every scumme,

Inveagle thus the Commons like Iacke Drumme,

S hall Sycophanticke phauce draw your eares,

Into a Babel of confused feares?

E leit some wit to scan the worke, where he

Is slaine prov'd guilty of Hypocrisie.

T is a meane phansie of a Beillam braine,

I care not (saes he) who shall read my straine.

S ir let me tell the Satyr haules too lowd,

T were farre more fit that he in Ixions clowd,

H ad hidden been for his a Centaure sure,

E lse is my Muse growne blind, so doth endure.

W hat ist you have old Barker's st a fee,

A mounting to the summe of thirty three.

You must expect it, Ile assure you then,

T ell it all ore, and youe come short of ten,

O that I could but see thy ill-made face,

H ale them to Pluto's flood and disgrace.

E xtend is sure for here we shall all finde,

L ent from a foule slave a Satyricke minde.

